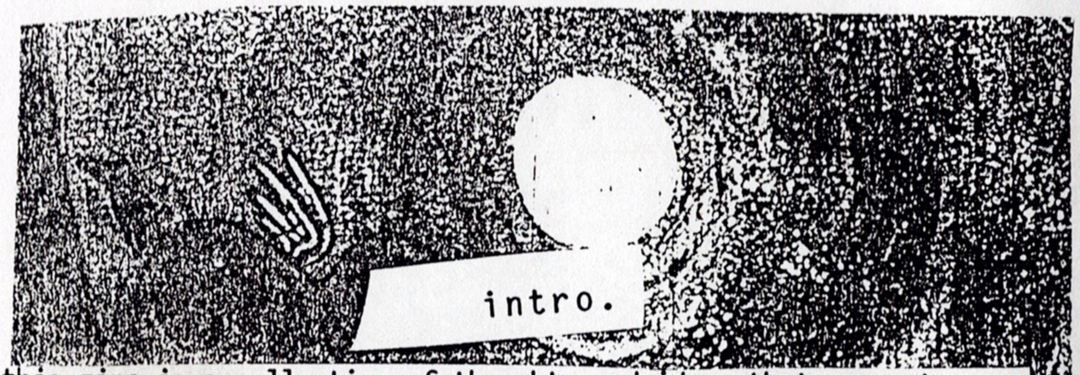
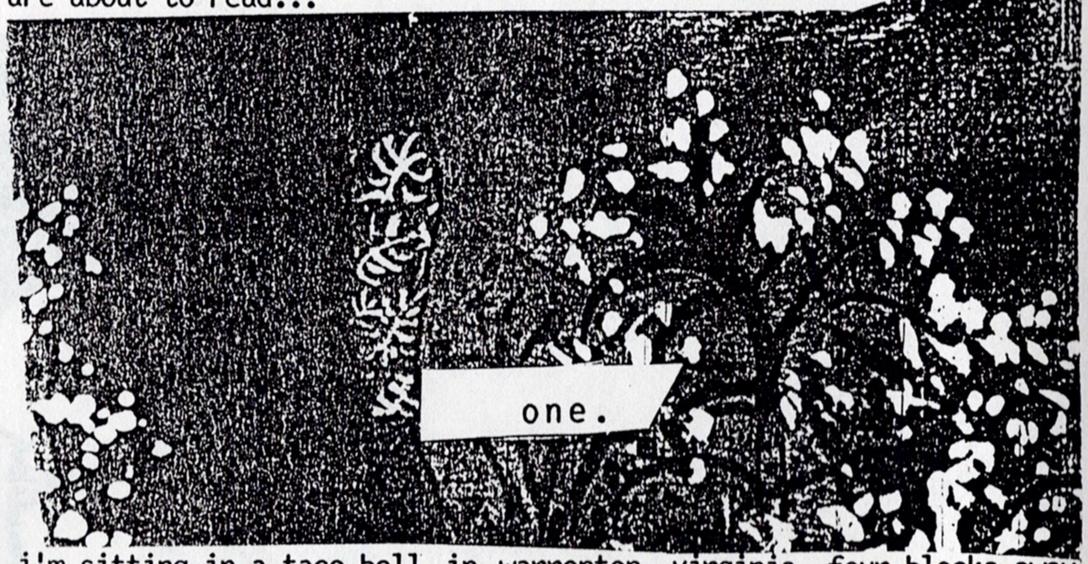
nothing is cool #3



this zine is a collection of thoughts and ideas that are not necessarily set in stone. basically, this is inspired by random thoughts that i've had over the past few months, since the last issue was finished, about certain topics i'd like to write about. because of this somewhat haphazard method of generation and collection, some of this might not come across as well as i'd like it to. it also might seem poorly thought out, or even full of shit. i encourage anyone who so desires to write to me and call me on my shit if i say anything in here that you find ignorant or offensive. however, i'm not all that likely to change my mind, so be forewarned. none of this is planned, and almost none of it is written yet, so i don't know what to warn you about any more than that. thanks to all of the people who've inspired the things you are about to read...



i'm sitting in a taco bell in warrenton, virginia--four blocks away from my grandparents' house, where plans for christmas dinner are in full swing. until a few seconds ago, i was listening to a string-section rendition of "the chipmunks christmas song," but it was annoying, so i put my walkman on and am now listening to impetus inter. my whole reason for being in a taco bell instead of my grandparents' house on christmas eve amounts to the fact that my family gets on my nerves. here i am, xmas time again, listening to my grandfather babble about Gingrich and "niggers", while everyone else agrees (except me, of course). watching everyone try to organize some artificial "family unity" so that we can pretend we're having a peaceful and wonderful family gathering. and here am i, the flaw in the mix, the bad apple infecting the barrel by arguing political viewpoints vociferously with my grandfather--despite his failing health; then pissing my mom and grandmother off by demanding to be treated like an adult and then complaining when i'm not. that was the argument i had just finished with when i left to come here. i had planned to walk over to an old friend's house (my family lived in this town until i was 9) and see how he'd been in the last two years since i had last seen him, but i was too pissed off to attempt to enjoy anyone's company (especially if he's as different from me now as he was two years ago), so i came up here to be warm and write.what i figured out while eating my food is that my family arguments don't so much stem from any present-tense disagreements that i have with them--it's more of an overall difference in personality that leaves me with almost nothing in common with my family. my complete opposition from them keeps me from enjoying my time with them. to put it bluntly, they get on my nerves. and although i invariably get blamed for any conflict that occurs, it is usually more a result of the rest of the family's refusal to respect me or my feelings that begins any conflict. my grandfather starts our political arguments by baiting me with praise of gingrich (or worse, reagan, whom he adores) or blaming every social problem conceivable on "niggers" (i don't remember him using that word much when i was younger, but i guess it must take more to piss me off now). of course, i am the one who gets pulled aside and told to stop being "disrespectful" whenever anything gets too heated. the distinction here is that he and his opinions are deserving of respect, while it is implied (though never stated) that mine aren't. the argument with my mother was basically started by her complete ignorance of my desire to be seated with the adults, and not the children. i had asked her this several days earlier, so it wasn't like she didn't know. the real problem i had was not so much the lack of adult treatment inherent in the situation, but more it was just that the conversation to be had at the children's table was going to be more annoying than at the "adults" table. the problem is... how do you explain to someone that the root of your conflict, both with them and the entire rest of a group they strongly identify with, is simply that all of them get on your nerves? i guess i'd just rather not do this stupid big family dinner at the grandparent's house anymore, but it's too late to decide that for this year, and i don't want to ruin anyone else's holiday either, even if i don't like them. so do i just sit and put up with it, content to shut up and be miserable? not a choice i've ever made before, but there seems to be no way not to without pissing everyone else off. man, fuck blood ties.

two.

Black shirt, dark hair, blue jeans. My silver lamp chain on my neck pulses when I swallow My clothes wrinkle at my joints and sags their bagginess around the rest of me. A bright light, but not bright enough to light the whole room, shines down from not far above me ont the left side of my face leaving shadows on my eyes. The shadows are from my shaggy hair through which I cannot see my eyebrows, but I can see my eyes quite clearly. My eyes are green; They reflect back brown, but I know they're green. My lips are a dark shade of pink, but then again so are my ears when I concentrate too hard. My shoes are gray with various neon colors on my shoelaces. When I look in the mirror I see my self staring back, wondering and questioning. To myself I resemble a fairy; Sometimes I wish I was one so I could fly away and disappear where no one else can find me. I'm fifteen years old, I disturbed by and scared of life.

I sit in my room on the floor, facing my mirror. My elbow touches my camera case that hangs from my bed post. Behind my reflection I see a bulletin board. Its full. A neon-pink piece of paper glares at me and reminds me of my supposed belief in god. My picture from when I was five is covered up by a Renaissance fair flyer that I had gotten in Pennsylvania with my parents. God is a concept that has always been hard for me. May h really exist? I find myself consistently asking. One thing that can create everything seems, to me, very unreal and unproven. I can't express this well because I am a raised Catholic. Catholicism is as restrictive as trying to sleep in a bra.

Most of the rest of the stuff I put up a long while ago to remind me of the friends I had. Things such as Laser Quest score sheets, letters, drawings they made me, photos, ticket stubs, and old playbills. I then notice the frame of the mirror as I never had before. It is brown and has a faded fake gold strip around it. My stereo and speakers are to the right of me above my head, so far above that I can barely reach the turntable if I stood. Ashes plays and I glance over to see the little red lights moving back and forth as she sings beautifully, "Inside by Side." My thoughts are thrown astray . . .

> "I held my tongue I couldn't speak the words I thought would hold me in so unthinkable and I don't want to wake, just leave me here, you can take away the pain and will walk with me inside by side out here, I wear a vale to conceal the tears I made, and if I close my eyes' I won't wake to see the exit of sleepless nights and cloudy days."

I feel that way sometimes, yet it's more complicated than that. As the song, as well as the tape, ends I loose my thoughts and they drift off into others. Relieving my eyes from my own I look up at the Xmas tree lights, reminding me of how this house used to be, cheerful. We all got along. My ideas are astray and different from theirs. They say my ideas will change and that I'll change. I'm wrong and their right. I'm a child to them, yet I know how they think. I will always be a child until I come of age, or so they think. I also no more have the will power now, than ever, to choose my own friends, but I do. My thoughts are discontinuous, than those I tell. Here, I tell to please not to believe. I don't want this anymore.

A flowery red and orange stuffed turtle with orange feet and head reminds me of childhood, simple and easy. It reminds me of life. I want to die. On death, I am not afraid. A chill curls down my spine. I reach for a sweatshirt to warm me. Not finding one I retrieve my eyes from the mirror; maintain my balance to stand and get one. When I stood I felt the pressing urge to urinate, so I through on my quilted flannel shirt and glance at the colors reminding me of Xmas. I walked to the door feeling lightheaded. I open it and i round the corner to the lavatory.

As i am ready to leave the bathroom, i glance at the mirror above the sink as i wash my hands. Inside i feel like grits. I am waste at my authority's disposal, then again i am at my own disposal. I shut off the water pushing down the rounded, crystal shaped, plastic nob. I dry my hands on the seat of my paints. I walk stepping quietly on the hardwood floor back to my room. Reminding myself of the unproven comforts of the floor I open a navy blue fold out chair to a floor mat, and i stretch out my tense body from kneeling position. I reach out my right arm onto a pile of papers in front of the mirror. I ball my left hand in a tight fist and rest my chin on it. I stare into the mirror not letting my eyes unlock from my own. I bite my lip and close my eyes, but only briefly, as if a long blink. My teeth unclench.

My family's ideas are different from mine. To them, happiness has a lot to do with money, appearance (not just personal), and success. I believe none of these. I believe that happiness has quite a bit to do with love. Money does help but only in survival. It's all about living and experiencing. My teeth clench again as my stomach turns in one-thousand knots.

Suddenly three knocks emerge from the door in the corner. "What," i say. Four more knocks when finally i realize it must be my small sibling. "What," i say again. The door opens and in tracks some small five year old feet. As i lay on the floor i look around the edge of the chair next to me.

"Are you okay?" Says the humble voice.

"Fine," i say not even thinking about the question, but that is okay. I can't pour out my feelings to a five year old, nor anyone else.

"Can mom read me this book, and when she's done I'll bring it back into you?"

"Ya, i don't care," and i really don't. I could feel my heart beat. The door shut. My mouth is dry and i could taste the air. I'm not going to move. Authority sets standards for the public, so does the media. They both have an overpowering effect on people, to change ideas, ideas that may never come along. They set standards when standards should never be set. They make people feel imperfect by showing them people with body figures, hair styles, and clothing that not everyone has. In truth everyone is perfect for themselves. I wish things like that were easier to believe. The back of my neck becomes stiff from bending my head back so I can see myself. The pain reminds me of a person being hung. I turn my head sideways and lay it down. The silence of the room is broken by the phone ringing in the next room.

"Phone is for you," my mother says beckoning at the door.

"I can't get it this minuet, tell them to call back." I could barely get the words out, my voice choked.

"Okay," her voice states wistfully. I can hear her tell the caller that I was occupied by something as she walks down the hall then down the stairs to go about her business. Some medication sat next to me. I took my eyes off my reflection and look down at my brown leather banded watch. It was about eight-thirty five. I meet my eyes again. Opening the top of the bottle I take out the pills and collect a bunch of saliva in my mouth. I lift my head slightly and slide the pills in. A hard swallow sends the pills down my throat. I don't want people to be disappointed in me. I don't want to be ignored although I don't mind it sometimes. I am just a picture that hasn't been taken, and i want to move on but I don't know how. I sighed so deep it hurt my compressed chest. I close my eyes, I couldn't talk even if I tried. A few minuets latter I think I fell asleep.

Sometimes when I'm sleeping I can hear things and have them manipulate my dreams. I hear the front door open and close, but in my dream it was a young couple, in love, jumping off of a cliff together. Destiny did not for fill them because one hit the ground before the other.

I hear my name echo in my room and I awake to a familiar face and I then remember hearing my door opening. My back faces the familiar face as he bends down and sits on the fold out bed, where my knees bend, in a space I left. The cushions sink down and I feel a tapping on my left shoulder.

"Hey, you asleep?" says the calming voice. I turn my head to glance at my watch. 9:05 it says. I had only been asleep for minuets. I roll over on my back stretching my legs toward my right off the mat leaving enough room for a person to sit.

"Not anymore," I say.

"How are you?" he says.

"Fine," again I say not even thinking of the true answer to the question until afterward. I wanted to restate it, but I didn't have the words, nor the conversational energy.

"I was in the neighborhood and I'd figure I'd stop by and see if we were still on for tomorrow."

"Ya, ya definitely," I say as I grin ear to ear.

"Well I just wanted to check on you, but I don't have much time so I'm going to go now," he says as he pushes his hair out of his face.

"Okay see ya tomorrow." I reply.

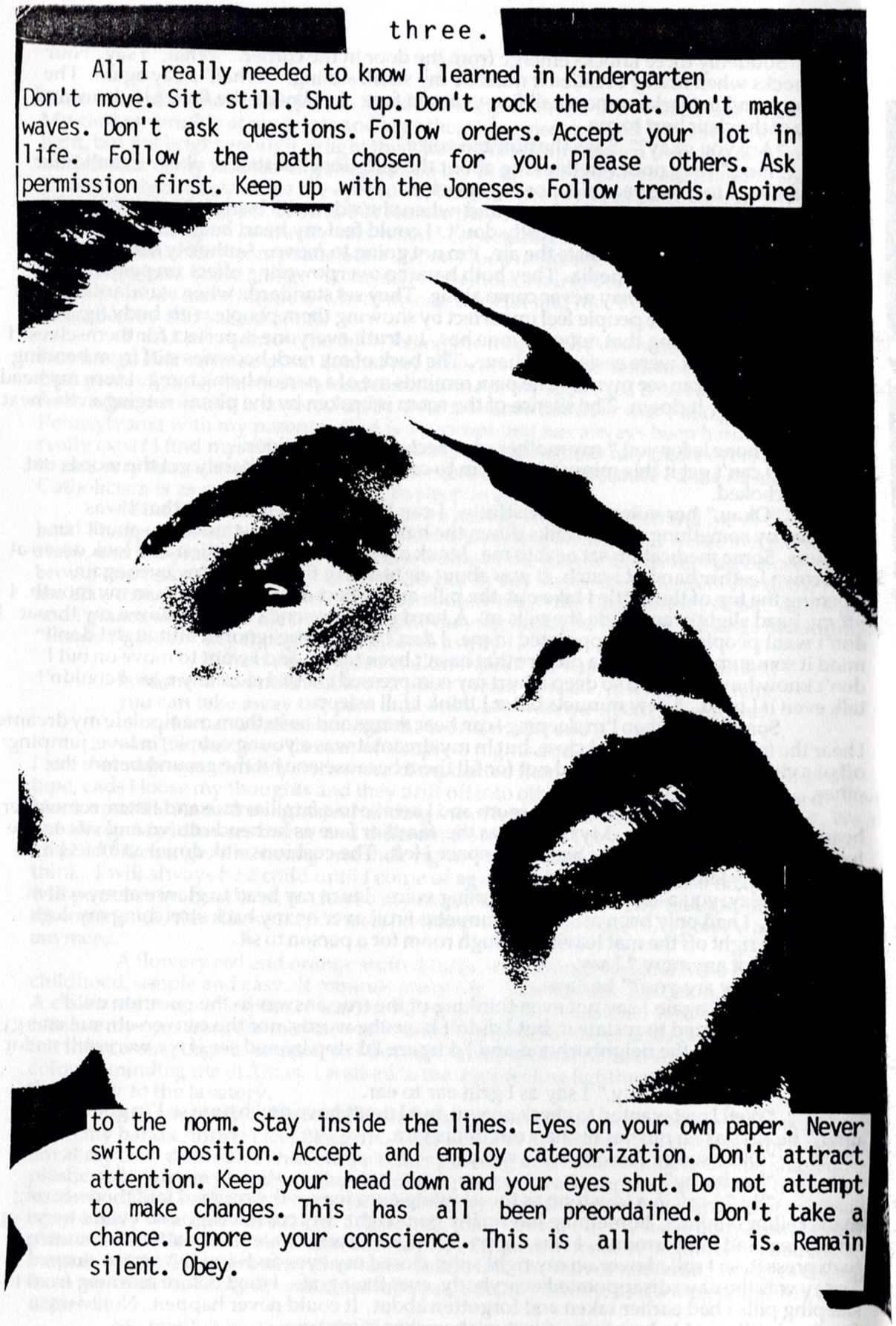
"Ya, bu-by"

"By," I say in a low tone as the glowing aura leaves the room. I laid there staring at the ceiling, smiling. Something has finally gone right. My reason to go on. I want to get up on my feet and jump around. I was happy. I was loved and I loved. I didn't have toe energy to express it, so I rolled over on my right side; closed my eyes and slowly went to sleep. Today was the day i disappointed everybody, ever their god. I died before morning from the sleeping pills I had earlier taken and forgotten about. It could never happen. Not to my family. I still want to be a fairy. I just wish wishes came true.

three.

All I really needed to know I learned in Kindergarten

Don't move. Sit still. Shut up. Don't rock the boat. Don't make waves. Don't ask questions. Follow orders. Accept your lot in life. Follow the path chosen for you. Please others. Ask permission first. Keep up with the Joneses. Follow trends. Aspire



to the norm. Stay inside the lines. Eyes on your own paper. Never switch position. Accept and employ categorization. Don't attract attention. Keep your head down and your eyes shut. Do not attempt to make changes. This has all been preordained. Don't take a chance. Ignore your conscience. This is all there is. Remain silent. Obey.

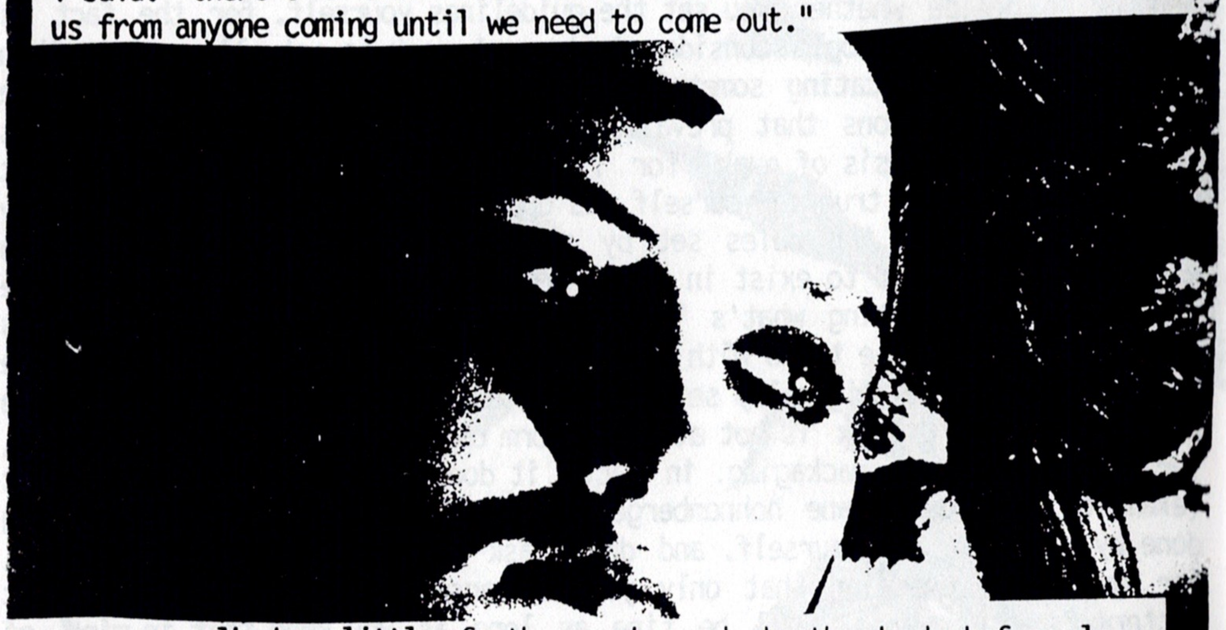
four.

i don't want to be cool with anyone but myself. i'm sick of trying to uphold the ideals that were set for me months, even years ago. i set my own limitations, and i define my world according to what i want out of it. this may seem like a selfish notion until you think a little deeper. look at the bigger picture--when you are living your punk rock ideals, are you really doing it because it's what you want to do? the best way to determine if you are is to decide whether you set the guidelines yourself. for the fact is that what a lot of people consider to be punk rock is actually no more than an attempt at duplicating something that came before by assuming the attitudes and fashions that prevailed within it. however, this parroting is actually the antithesis of punk, for it was supposed originally to be about nihilism and being true to yourself, as opposed to following trends set by others. these days, the rules set by supposed punk rock "leaders" (which weren't even supposed to exist in the original plan) are intended to promote conformity by dictating what's "cool" and what's not. the important things in life have so little to do with these rules that they just help to obscure the goals that were originally set by punk rock. the only rule is that there are no rules. punk rock is not at all a form of music recognizable by sound, lyrical content, or packaging. in fact, it doesn't even have to be music (examples:Cometbus, jane hohnenberger, ak press, etc.). punk is anything done by yourself, for yourself. and don't ask what i mean by those terms, for that is a question that only you can answer. the only opinion that matters is yours, and you'll be fine as long as you keep that in mind. of course, none of this should be taken as an instruction manual--it is intended only to provoke thought, and if you disagree, then you are farther on your way to understanding than you know.

five.

climbing over the guardrail, i stared down over the embankment at the tracks. the sun shone down through the branches of the three tall pines immediately above us. it was a brilliant yellow, and caused the scrubweeds and brambles around the tracks to give off a warm glow, making them more appealing than normal--almost inviting. "are we almost there?" she asked, breathing heavily. we'd been walking for almost an hour--over two miles. i looked over my shoulder at her and smiled. "we are there." i jumped halfway down the embankment and clambered down most of the rest of it, half running, half falling. toward the bottom, when i had gained control of my descent, i turned back to look at her. she stood at the top, hesitant. "come on down," i called to her, and motioned with my hand. she looked down, trepidation in her eyes, then seemed to make a decision. shrugging, she closed her eyes and jumped.

she landed on her feet, about five feet above me. opening her eyes too late, she lost her balance and began to fall towards me. i caught her just as she fell to her knees, saving her any further injury. in order to keep my own balance, i too dropped to my knees, making me almost level with her. she looked up into my eyes and smiled a grateful smile. "what would i do without you there to catch me?" she whispered, and i leaned down and kissed her lips. holding her close, i moved to stand up, bringing her to her feet as well. we walked carefully down the last ten feet or so to the gravel at the edge of the small ridge that supported the tracks. "the best place to do it is near here," i said. "there's a small bush that extends out to the tracks--it'll hide us from anyone coming until we need to come out."



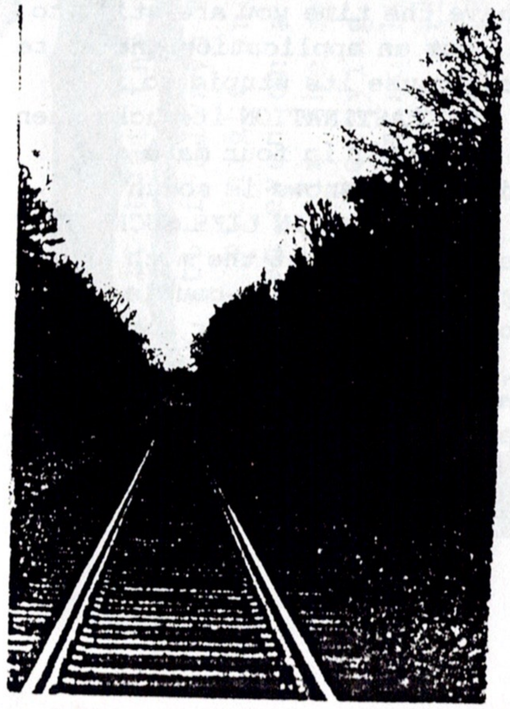
we walked a little farther and reached the bush before long. throwing her backpack down, she sat behind the bush with a sigh of relief. "i didn't realize it would take this long," she exclaimed. "but aren't you glad to be here?" i asked good-naturedly. "of course," she answered, "especially since i'm with you." i sat down next to her and draped my arm over her shoulders. she turned and hugged me. "thanks for getting me here--i would never have made it this far without you." i held her close and rubbed her hair softly. "i did my best," i whispered. "thank you," she whispered. "i love you." "love you too."

nothing more was said for a few minutes, and the sound of the ars on the highway above crept back into the edge of my consciousess. glancing over her shoulder at my watch, i saw that our wait was lmost over--if the train was on the schedule i'd observed it to have ver the past few weeks, it'd be along in a few minutes. i looked back own at the top of her head as she looked back up at me. "so this is it, uh?" i nodded. "gone for good."

just then i heard one of the tracks make a pinging noise. "here it comes," i said. "should we get ready?" she asked nervously. "no, we have a few minutes, but we definitely need to hide a little better, or they'll see us when they go by." i slid under an opening in the bush and motioned her in after me. we dragged our bags in after us and huddled together. "this train has 48 cars," i said. "it always does. we need to let the engines get well past us, but then we can get out of here. it will be going very slow, but everything will become clear when it comes along. all you really need to remember is to have your backpack on securely." she nodded, taking in the information without a word.

soon, the train was clearly visible through a small hole in the brush, through which i had observed it on multiple occasions in the past few weeks. i knew we'd go unobserved if we kept hidden, yet we'd have a clear view of the train. we watched it, wordless, as it approached and drew slowly alongside of us. soon, i motioned for her to get out. the time had come.

as we stood and pulled on our backpacks, she looked at me, moisture glowing in her soft blue eyes. "i'm scared," she whispered. taking her hand, i drew her with me to the slow-moving train. "but you see, darling, there's no need to be scared. now follow me." i grabbed onto a passing ladder on the side of a boxcar. afraid of being left alone, she leapt up--rather nimble, considering her obvious nervousness--and caught onto the one next to me. i motioned to the opening in the boxcar and swung in, in order to show her how it was done.ten seconds later, we were inside, safe. scrambling behind a box, we nestled into a dark corner, unseen by any others who might be in the area. i held her close, again, and whispered, "there's no need to be afraid anymore. we have each other. the earth is free,



and

so

are

we....."

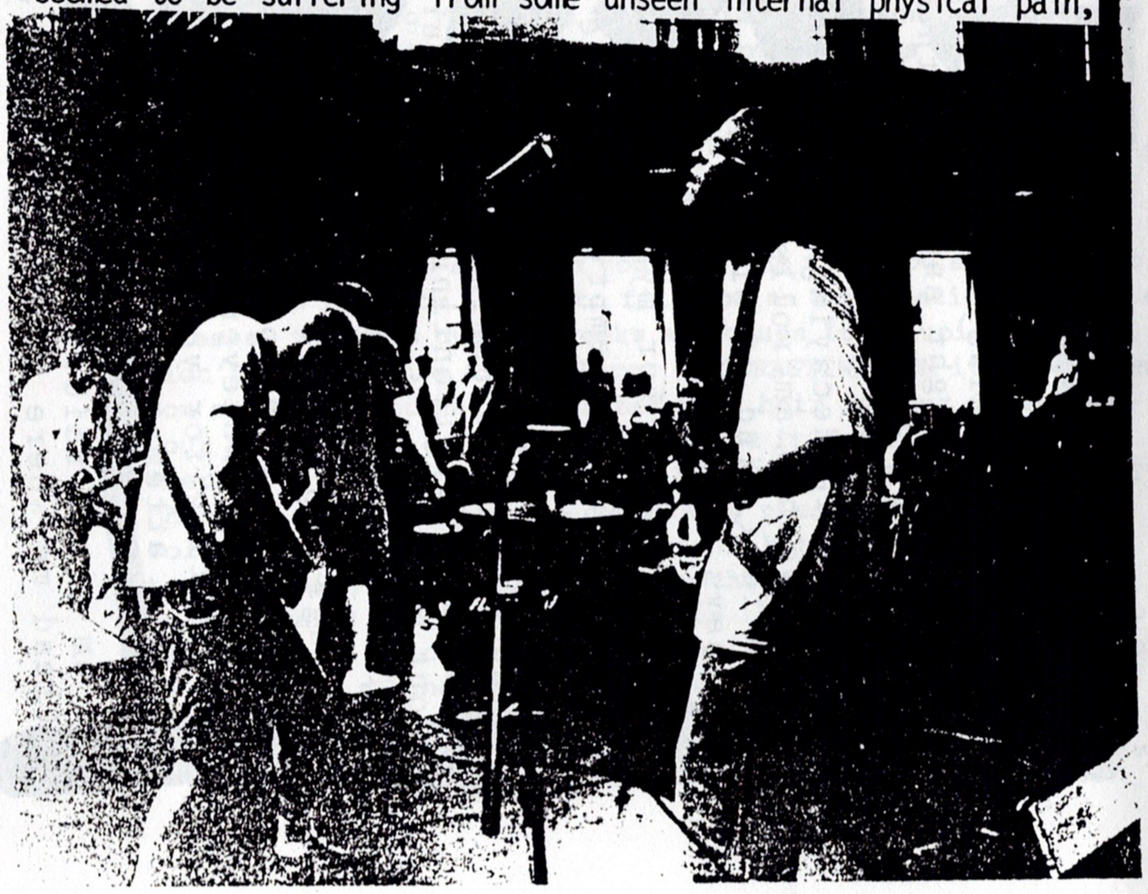
six.

when you're trying to listen to your stereo an a muther fucking moth is doing circles around your light bulb making a chattering noise with its wings...you go to swat at him and you hit the chandelier (missing it)...shorting out the wiring in which case if you touch the lamp you die (you let your parents handle that its cool if they die) then its dark and you have those little light flashes when you blink from staring at the light for too long...then you have to work your way around your room by the light of your toucan sam night light until you find a plug for your christmas tree lights so you can find a flashlight so that you can write this, so the moth can swirl arund your head trying to attack you fucking flashlight beam this wasn't originally what i was going to write but this really pissed me off. it makes me mad when your parents hate your boyfriend for no reason at all so they ground you so you can only see him when you're sneaking around and thats only once a week because his cars sucks and its always in the shop and your front tire of your bike is flat and your parents wont take you down to fill it up and you cant ride it cause its fucking flat. when someone you haven't seen on a long time says something to you about your boyfriend around your parents and before you can answer them your mother leans in and says she doesn't have a boyfriend. because they hate him because hes a couple of years older than you and they prejudge people by age, so he sucks, but he doesn't it sucks when you haven't done an english paper that was due eight days ago and have avoided the teacher for a fear of getting shit on for not turning it in, and although you have the time you are still to lazy to do it. Now i have to fill out an application and write an essay that was due two weeks ago cause its stupid so i didn't do it in the first place. PROCRASTINATION it sucks when you stink and you haven't washed your hair in four days and your head itches so you scratch it and it snows in south america on the map next to you. BUT THEN AGAIN LIFE SUCKS JUST BECAUSE. then finally you get really pissed at the moth and roll up the paper your writing on and hit at it a couple of times missing until finally its on the elephants ear (painted on your wall) and you get it as its lifeless body falls in to the trash can below perfectly. a guilty feeling comes over you as you stair at the smudge on the underside of you paper and you wish that you had been that moth having died in its place... for two reasons one that you feel its life should have been spared; it wasn't hurting you and two that it is better to die by the hand of someone else than to die because of your own furious rage. its cold but i stay warm with these two blankets and no one to curl up to except chris (christopher zed anderson) who is just under twelve inches sitting. for now thats not enough...i wish it could be out its not. you set your alarm for two am hoping you'll wake up then again hoping you never do. of course now i know i will because i feel like soaking in a hot bath and i really have to pee im too cold and too lazy to go down stairs just to pee so i'll hold it in and now i know i'll wake up at two am with fear of piss running out of my ears.

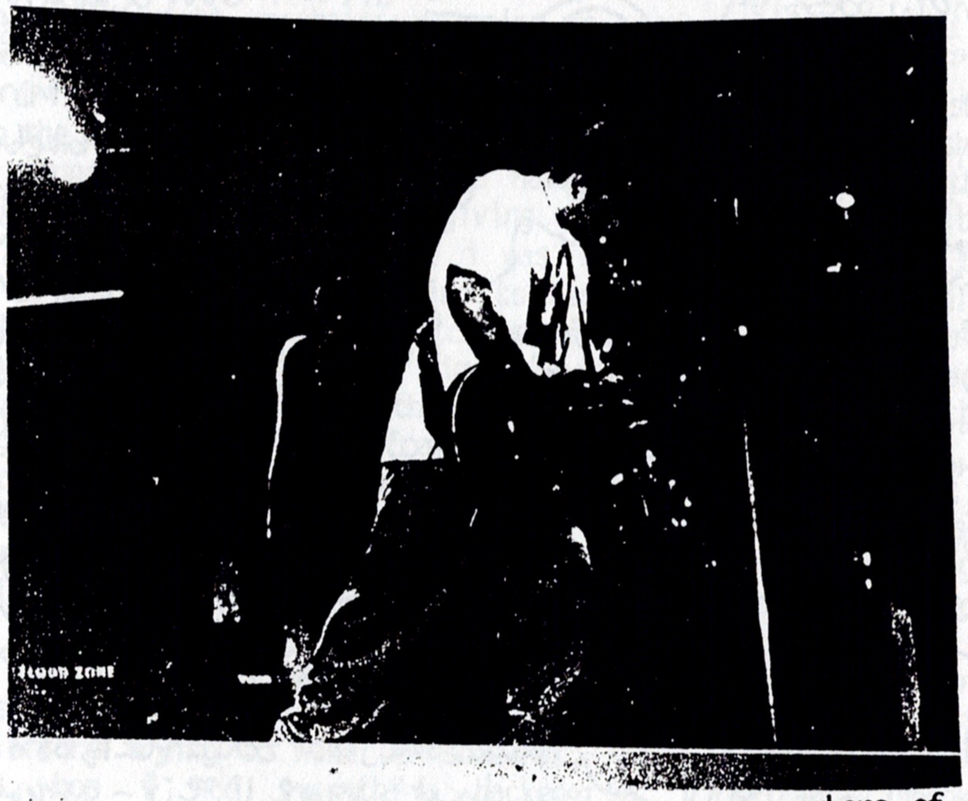
ya ya i woke up but my throat hurt really bad so i went back to sleep. fucking hell then at five i again woke up but not really. and now i find out that i will fail english cause i didn't turn and fucking five page paper. fuck teachers and fuck everything they stand for and fuck their opinions of you that dont really matter anyways...they will have no relevancy to the rest of your life nor will there bullshit teaching what really sucks is having to get up in the morning and having to do everything in the dark. then my batteries ran out in my walkman when i really needed was away to burn off some fucking anger.

why is it that the truly
scary stuff always happens
between midnight and 4 am, th
time when,even on a good night,
you can feel the soul of
the world decaying beneath
you? when 6 am rolls around
you feel kind of silly but its
always scary at night--for
real. i fear for myself when
the streets are empty. cars are
scary with their headlights
off, and i see evildoers and
men with guns behind every
shadow. but i continue to venture
out at night, for it is the
time when all the interesting
things happen. if i follow you
into that metaphorical night,
to suffer whatever dangers may
be waiting for you--for us--
do not attempt to warn me away for
i am not afraid.
(lead me where your path takes you,and i will follow you....)

1.20.96. makebelieve.
lights come on. backs to the audience. wall of feedback. drummer counts out the beat, and the whole band kicks in simultaneously. what i saw tonight was the closest i've ever come to the site of internal self-destruction. what i saw was five individuals on the brink of spontaneous combustion. the vocalist never stood in the same place for more than a few seconds, but every movement she made spoke of an internal weariness and despair. as if every motion caused pain, but she was too driven to stop. when she started to cry during the second song, it was affecting but almost familiar, as if you'd been expecting it. she needed the release but was almost too weak to withstand it. the guitarist on the left moved with the uncontrolled energy of a sawed-off shotgun, looking as if he'd explode at any second, like an automobile engine run at full speed for too long. the bass player never turned around to face the audience, but appeared to be buffeted by the notes he played as they exploded from his amps. the drummer's expression never changed. tucked low under his baseball cap, he hit the drums with a ferocity that was just this side of too much, but ended up being perfect. when he sang (without a mic) his bansheelike wails overrode even the extremely loud music. the guitarist on the right seemed to be suffering from some unseen internal physical pain,

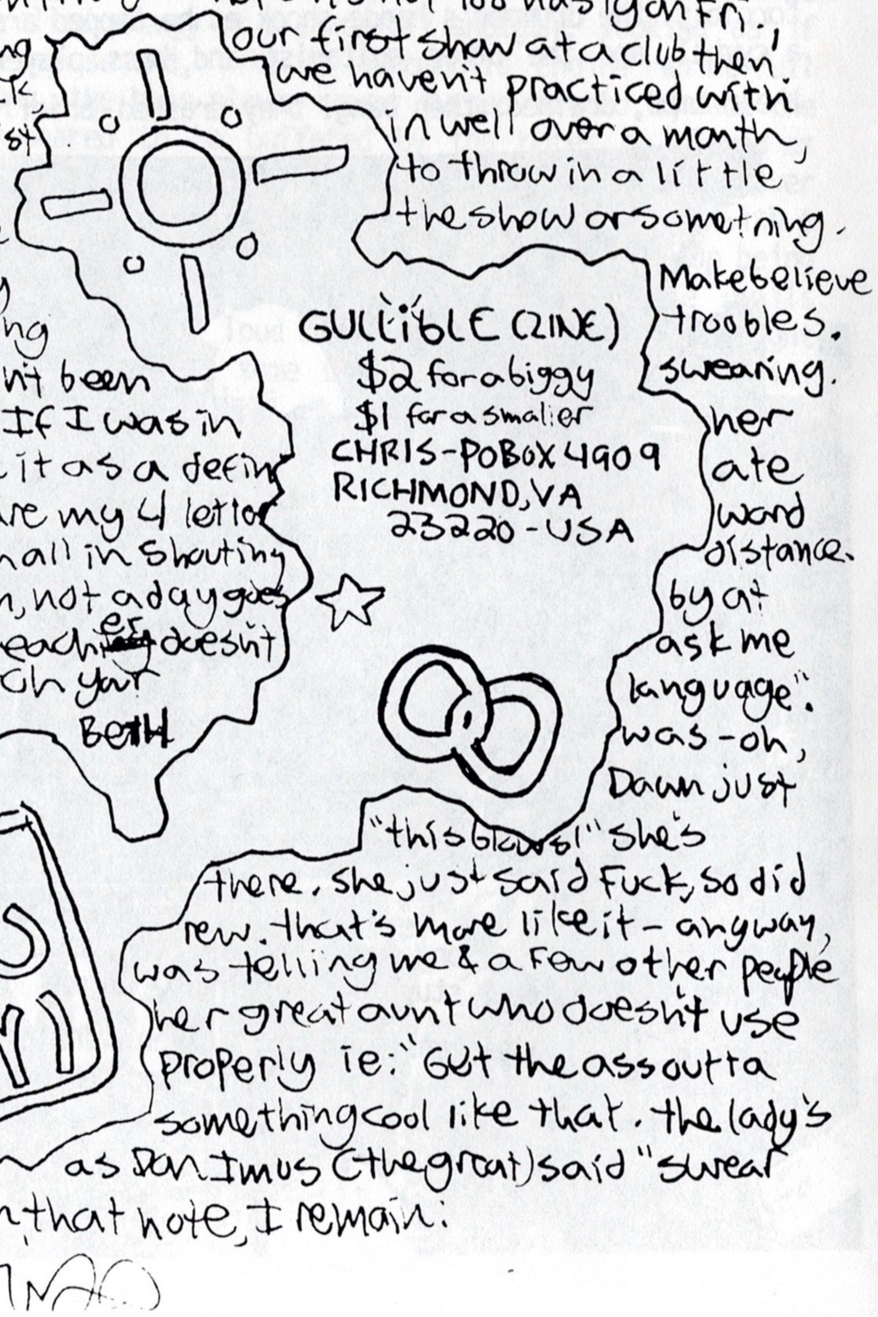


making his movements sharp and erratic. when he sang (especially on the song he'd written for his deceased grandmother), he seemed to have to force the words past some sort of block in his throat, which he could do only with varying degrees of difficulty. at one point between songs, another young man stepped out of the crowd as if at random, approached the mic, and proceeded to sing a duet with the main vocalist. while it was obviously a preplanned event, one couldn't help but find the notion that the music had spontaneously inspired him to this extent seductive. by the end of the performance, which climaxed with another, more intense wall of feed back, all of the musicians appeared to be at their breaking point. the guitarist on the right finished on his knees, screaming into thin air as he turned to face the audience for the first time, while the vocalist curled into a ball and released the cries of the dying from her throat as if they were being wrenched from her forcibly. the drummer's hands shook as he tapped a slight rhythm on a cymbal, and the other guitarist and bass player leaned against their amps, drained. then bang! they crashed briefly back into the



main riff of the song, and it was over. some members of the audience looked on, stunned, seemingly unsure of what they'd witnessed. the musicians, having given their all to the performance, were barely able to stand. and to think that i used to sing for this band...

Hey. Here's my thing for Nothing is Cool 3. It's 1/10/96, im at Andrew's, he's running his mouth to his girlfriend, so I figured id write this now. As opposed to later and I'm babbling on like usual as always. It's been snowy. I hate snow, that's why I was kinda glad to move here from New England. I figure I'll walk over to supercuts, I could use it. I've never been to a barber shop before, my Mom has been cutting my hair for the last 16 years. Figure I might as well go somewhere else for a change. No school yet this week, maybe on Friday. I hope it's not too nasty on Fri., my band's playing our first show at a club then. We're gonna rock, we haven't practiced with our new bassist in well over a month, so we'll have to throw in a little practice before the show or something. Dawn is making Makebelieve patches & having troubles. so far she hasn't been swearing. what a wimp. If I was in her place I'd take it as a date excuse to share my 4 letter ate vocabulary with all in shouting word swearing is fun, not a dayglo distance. skool that a teaching by at doesn't ask me to "please watch your language". Beth was - oh, this girl Dawn just ok, said "this blows!" she's getting there. she just said Fuck, so did And- new. that's more like it - anyway, she was telling me & a few other people about swears her great aunt who doesn't use here or properly ie: "Get the ass outta got to learn something cool like that. the lady's with Flair". on that note, I remain: as Dan Imus (the great) said "swear



- Chris

the first rays of sunlight shining in the window woke me from my light sleep, and as i rolled over i felt the straining of muscles in my back that hadn't moved all night. it hurt. the carpet i had slept on had probably started life about twenty years ago at an inch thick. i wouldn't give it much more than a centimeter now. basically, it was ragged. i sat up, pulled on the sweatshirt that i had been using as a pillow and reached above my head to make sure that my backpack was still there. it was. suddenly, i realized that i had to pee. like really bad. the bad part was that i wasn't sure where the bathroom was. i hadn't used it the night before. looked like i would have to locate it. i walked out of the living room and into a front hallway type deal. front door was on my left, and a hallway went off to my right. wandering down it, i passed through a small den of sorts and the kitchen before finding a bathroom, in which i relieved myself. once i'd finished with that, i looked at myself in the mirror. there were dark circles under my eyes from days of travelling--this wasn't the first time i'd slept on a floor, and i hadn't gotten any more sleep any of the other times than that night. my hair was going to need washing at the first available opportunity, as were my clothes. overall, i was a wreck.

i drifted back into the living room to check on her, for she had slept on the couch. she was looking ragged as well, but at least she was sleeping soundly, although i knew i'd have to wake her up soon. the guy whose house this was hadn't minded giving us a place to stay; quite the opposite, he'd been <u>too</u> eager, and i was suspicious. in fact, i was worried. i couldn't allow anything to happen to her. it was only our ability to stay up later than him watching mindless television and staying very close to each other at all times (when one of us had to use the bathroom, the other would decide they needed more water from the kitchen or something) that had kept the guy from getting what he wanted--in fact, he'd worn me pretty thin even then, but we needed a place to sleep without being out in the weather, so i just kinda shut up and took it, and so did she. however, it was morning, and i knew he'd be up soon, offering us a ride at least 50 miles further on (if we gave him some, of course) and that was just going to be too much for me at that point.

i didn't wake her up yet, though. if one of us was going to lose lots of sleep, it wasn't going to be her. i spent all of the time i thought i could afford trying to wake up somewhat, then began organizing our backpacks. when i had everything packed up, i hesitantly shook her arm. immediately, she opened her eyes. and in that instant, she was beautiful beyond all rational description. then she began to stretch and whine incoherently, and she came back down to earth again. no longer a goddess, just the girl i love. i stopped her whine by putting my hand over her mouth. "not very romantic, i know, but we don't have any time to waste," i said. "that guy will be awake soon, and we need to not be here when that time comes." she grimaced. "yeah, no kidding," she muttered, "he was gross." she shrugged and continued,"but we still have time for one thing." i tried to ask what she meant, but she shut me up before i could do so.

when we had kissed enough to temporarily satisfy our mutual desires, she sat up and began to pull on her shoes. i quickly followed suit. within two minutes we were out the door. i shut it quietly and motioned for her to start running. after another two minutes, we were a quarter mile away and headed towards the center of the town, a little place called Rockville, located somewhere between Louisville and Chicago. that's all we had to go on. however, that fifty bucks i had slipped out of the guy's jar on top of his fridge would help us on our way. i looked at her and smiled. "we have money, you know--did i tell you that?" her eyes lit up. "what did you get?" i told her, and she hugged me. "normally i would feel guilty, you know," she said solemnly. "however, that creep scared me too bad. i don't mind ripping him off." "no kidding," i agreed.

we were slowly making our way out of the residential neighborhood we had been in and heading into a more commercial district. first on my agenda was to find some cheap food for us. the area looked promising, but i knew the temptation would be great to head into a fucking hometown diner with not enough food for too much money, so we kept on. she had little to say, other than pointing out the occasional pretty thing. she held my hand constantly, but her mind seemed to be elsewhere. of course, both of us had expected to be propositioned occasionally, and it was still a shock when it happened (especially in the manner in which it had occurred), but all in all i think it hit her a lot harder than it hit me. she seemed unable to come to grips with it at that point, and rather than bug her, i wanted to leave her alone until she decided to start talking.

meanwhile, i saw a Hardees on the corner of a street coming up. "perfect," i thought, "the best breakfast food for under five bucks ever." as we walked into the parking lot, she seemed like she would just carry on, until i prodded her by saying, "food?" she seemed to somewhat wake up at that point. she looked at me and smiled dazedly. "sure, sounds good." we walked over and into the restaurant.

rather than immediately head into the ordering area, we headed down the side hallway to the bathroom. once i had made sure that you could lock the entire men's room--you could-- we both went in and i locked up. as soon as she saw herself in the mirror, she broke her almost complete silence of so far that morning by groaning. "i look like shit!" she exclaimed. "i love you anyway," i said, and smiled at her. she

giggled. "and you don't look so good yourself." i put my head in my hands and rested my elbows on the sink. "gee, thanks, " i mumbled. "aw, i didn't mean it," she said quietly, and put her arm around my shoulders. " i know," i said, and looked over and kissed her. immediately, i recoiled in mock disgust. "damn!" i exclaimed. "brush your teeth already!" she laughed. "shut up, you've got worse breath than me!" i didn't doubt it. i opened my bag and pulled out our overnight kit, which held our toothbrushes, toothpaste, a razor with no blades, a soapdish containing a bar of dove, and a close-to-empty bottle of head and shoulders. i popped open the toothbrush holders and passed hers to her. we brushed our teeth

quickly, and i decided that it would be best if we delayed on the hairwashing due to the distinct possibility of a line outside the bathroom. we didn't want to get in trouble. and after all, we could wash our hair after we ate.

fortunately, there was no one on the other side of the door when i opened it, which meant that no one saw a boy and a girl leave the bathroom simultaneously--a prospect that kind of worried me. we got our food without incident and sat down away from the old guys and truckers that were the majority of the hardees clientele at 8 in the morning. about halfway through the meal, as i munched on a cinnamon raisin biscuit, she suddenly looked up at me with a quizzical look on her face. "do you think he'll come looking for us?" she asked. "not if he doesn't notice the money--after all, guys that do that shit tend to do it a lot."

the night before, we had been caught out on a highway in the middle of absolutely nothing at nightfall, and both of us were creeped out, especially due to the infrequency of cars on that particular road. we didn't want to spend the night out there, so when the guy stopped and picked us up with the offer of a ride 50 miles further on and a warm bed when we arrived there, we jumped at it, despite my slight apprehension about his character--i don't know why, but he bothered me. when we got to his house, i found that my suspicions had been correct--the warm bed offered turned out to be his. it was a king size mattress, but it was very obvious that he didn't plan to just give us our side and leave us alone. he wanted play, so we feigned interest in the television until he had past his point of tolerance, and he grumpily headed off to bed, with the parting reminder that "we knew the way up." however, i think he was clued to the fact that we weren't planning on making it up there, and was none too happy about that fact. she was almost ready to fall asleep in my arms, but i stayed up for another half hour to make sure that the guy didn't wander back down for a midnight snack or some bullshit. when i was sure that he was asleep (i could here him snoring from where he lay upstairs), i put her to bed on the couch and bunked down on the floor, despite her feeble protests. the fact is that we had gotten off easy and i knew it. i expected us to have a lot more experiences like that before our trip was over.

"you know," i commented, "we got off easy. we may have much harder fights with sketchy rides like that in the future. after all, chicago is a long way off, and by no means a sure thing." she made a face. "oh i know. i'd just prefer not to deal with shitty people like that." "believe me, i feel the same way," i reassured her, and patted her hand. "but we have to prepare for the worst if we're gonna make it out of this alive." i noticed how my word choice had affected her and grimaced. "sorry to be a total downer." she looked up, concerned. "no, i didn't say that. you're right. but i guess i'm just not all that hungry when i think about shit like that." she pushed the remains of her half-eaten cinnamon raisin biscuit and large hash browns towards me and smiled. "got room?" she asked playfully, knowing what the answer would be. "well, let me finish mine

first," i mumbled around a bite of hash brown. she smiled and squeezed my hand.

when i had finished all of my food and half of hers (nothing unusual), we bailed out of the hardees, forgetting to wash our hair in our excitement, and headed down the main drag toward a 7-11 sign in the distance. we had discovered long ago that a 7-11 was the penniless person's best friend. perhaps they only hire complete morons, or maybe no one who works at one cares, but either way, 7-11 is absolutely ridiculous in it's shopliftability. when we went in, we walked around together, during which time i grabbed a kit kat, a pack of razors so i could fucking shave, double a batteries for our walkmen, and a pack of tic tacs, in case the breath thing happened again. half of these were slipped to her, augmenting her own stash of stuff, while the other half was slipped into pockets. we did all of that in the space of two minutes ostensibly spent agonizing over what drink to split. no one ever suspected a thing. as i went up to pay for the drink, she looked up at me with her best puppy dog eyes. "i know what you want and the answer is no. sorry," i said good-naturedly. she switched from the puppy dog eyes tactic to a comically overdone pout for a second, then smiled and said, "i know. i don't really even miss them anymore." then she wandered outside. i paid for the drink and came out with her. as we walked around the corner, she pulled out a stolen candy bar and began to munch absently. "honestly," she commented, "i expected to be nic-fitting my ass off for at least two weeks, but here it's been three days, and i'm already over it. i guess the days have seemed longer due to excitement." i smiled at her. "i told you you could quit if you tried." she stopped and sat down on the sidewalk. "so where do we go now?" she asked. "well, there's apparently a little tiny greyhound station here somewhere, cuz this town was one of the ones i got from the operator, so i'm figuring we find a phone book, look up the address, and head down there. this town is small

we were a few doors down from a drugstore, and i figured we could find a pay phone inside, but before we could get up, i saw a familiar car come around a corner a few blocks up. it was that guy. rather than try to run or anything, i motioned for her to move closer to the car parked directly in front of us. within a few seconds we had our backs to it, and i heard the guy drive by, rather slowly. a block or two later, he turned right and disappeared around a corner. she looked up at me, obviously shaken. "into the drugstore, fast!" i whispered, and we jumped up and ran in. as soon as we were inside, we headed for the back of the store. "what the hell!" she said quietly. "well, it's obvious. either he found the missing money or he's more of a freak than i thought and he plans to outright snatch us. either way, we're in deep shit unless we can get out of here fast." i walked over to the pay phone, which luckily was on the back wall, pulled out the phone book, and looked up the greyhound station. the address was someplace i had never heard of, so i had to ask the clerk how to get there. it turned out that it was a few blocks past the hardees on the cross street from the one we were on. we headed out as quickly as we could, and by the time we arrived there were feeling pretty safe, due to the fact that we hadn't seen the guy again. of course, it was just our luck that he was standing right in front of the place when we got there.

luckily he didn't see us before we saw him, and i pulled her into an alley that we were passing before he could look in our direction. she hadn't seen him, but could tell that something was bothering me. "what is it?" she asked softly. "he's right there," i whispered back, pointing around the corner. "so what do we do?" she asked frantically. i motioned for her to follow me, and we headed down the alley, around a corner, and were suddenly behind the bus station. "we go in the back way," i said, and walked around an idling bus and in the door. i headed over to the ticket counter, and asked how long until the next bus headed west left. she told me it left in forty minutes, and was headed to indianapolis. two one-way tickets totaled at $42, leaving us with a total of $2.43. we headed over to the bathrooms, which were inside of one door. i knew that they weren't single sex or anything, so i was a bit puzzled.when i opened the door, we were in a small vestibule with two doors in it, one for women and one for men. once again, we both headed into the men's bathroom (there's always less people in the men's bathroom, you know), and discovered one of the coolest things ever--a shower stall! in a public bathroom! this town was seeming weirder all the time. of course, i allowed her to take the first shower, while i stood outside the stall and guarded our stuff. luckily, only one person came in, and while he looked at me funny, didn't say anything. after a few minutes, she came out with the same clothes on, and a towel around her hair. she handed me the towel, which was wet, but still usable, and i went in. i was more worried about her, but thought there was only a small chance of anyone coming in to use the bathroom while she was there. plus, i figured she could handle herself.

i was washing my hair, soapsuds everywhere, when i heard someone walk in. "uh-oh," i thought, "hope it's not--" "there you are!" yelled an all-too-familiar voice. i froze. then i heard something really scary--the sound of shattering glass. "oh fuck," i muttered, and stuck my head around the shower curtain, not knowing what to expect. and there she stood, overtop of his prone body, the remnants of a glass bottle in her hand. the rest of the bottle was scattered around the floor, and she looked at me with a triumphant grin. "got him," she declared, and dragged his prone body over to where i stood, half-in and half-out of the shower. "i don't mean to brag or anything," she said, still grinning, "but i'm a badass." i jumped out of the shower, naked and wet, then grabbed my clothes off of the hook they hung on. leaving the shower running, i dried off quickly while she tried to mess with my naked body. "we don't have much time, cut it out," i muttered, and dodged. when i was dried off, i used the by now thoroughly wet towel to tie his left hand and right foot together. judging by the knot on his head, he wouldn't be up anytime soon, but just in case. finally, i stopped avoiding her efforts to touch me, but only for a few minutes.

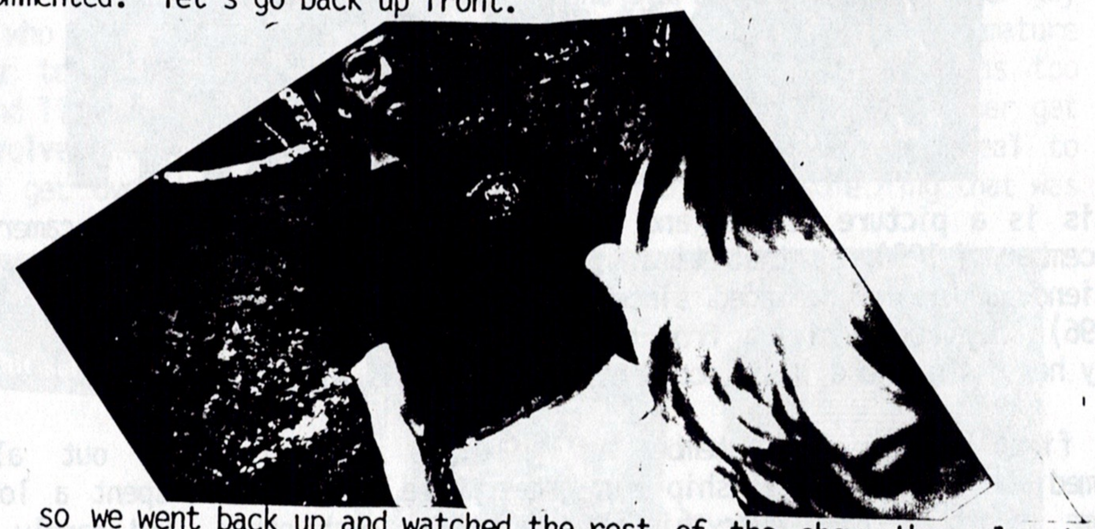
with a good five minutes to go until our bus boarded, we emerged from the bathroom feeling refreshed and ready to go. we were two of about ten people in the building, not including bus employees, and after about thirty seconds, the driver came up and checked our tickets. at that point, we boarded the bus, and found two seats next to each other toward the front. i let her sit next to the window, and we settled in for a long drive. i guess we're lucky no ne found that guy before we pulled out of there, because i'm sure we would've been detained and gotten in severe trouble, but we just wanted to get away from him at that point. as the bus left the terminal, i looked over at her and saw that she was already starting to fall asleep. i leaned over and kissed her cheek. she smiled without opening her eyes. "i love you," i whispered. "love you too," she whispered back, then opened her eyes and kissed me. "now," she declared lethargically, "it is time to sleep." and for once, i actually did.

we met two summers before all of this, at the last show endpoint ever played in louisville. i remember how important that show had been to me--i'd built it up in my mind to be the most important show i'd see all year. it sure had been a letdown, too. it wasn't so much the music--endpoint were good as usual, but nothing fantastic, as they occasionally had been--but just the people. it was at that show that i realized that i'd lost almost all of the friends i'd had at the beginning of the school year. nine months and no friends left. i saw about thirty people i knew in the first ten minutes, and all of them were people that hated me, or at least found me annoying. i sat in a corner, my head in my hands, and just let the music wash over me. soon i realized that i was crying. crying for all of the opportunities wasted, the alienating actions i'd taken, the friends lost. i felt like i'd gone through an entire year with nothing to show for it. a wasted year, just like all the ones before it. and i cried.

when someone bent down next to me and put an arm around my shoulders, i had my head buried in my arms, so i didn't see who it was. when i looked up, the face i saw was certainly no one i expected. it was a young girl that i'd seen wandering around the crowd earlier, looking somewhat unsure of herself. i'd never seen her at a show before, and she didn't seem to have any friends to talk to. i felt sorry for her at the time, but didn't see any need to waste her time with a loser like myself. i was in a really self-effacing mood that night. of course, i felt a lot differently about her at that point. offering support to someone you don't know, especially someone who obviously needs it, is something i respect a lot most of the time, but in this situation i more than respected it--i appreciated it.

i turned to her and hugged her, and proceeded to cry on her shoulder for another five minutes before i said a word. when i did say something, i first thanked her, then apologized for being such an obvious emotional wreck that i had needed it in the first place. she shook her head at that, said, "no apologies," then took my hand and led me to the back of the club, where we could talk easier. we sat down in a corner, and she kept hold of my hand. the first thing she asked me was if i wanted to talk. i nodded. "ok," she said. "i'm doreen, and i'm 14 and in ninth grade." i grinned sheepishly. "will, 16, eleventh. dreading finals next week." she smiled. "me too." then she turned serious. "so what's wrong?"

so i unloaded on her.my friends hated me, my parents hated me, my life was hell because i spent all of my time alone, and i didn't even want to be doing the things i was doing anymore--like preparing for college and making the scene and being the butt of everyone's jokes and calling people that never call me just to have someone to talk to, and spending every saturday night after the show walking home, then staying up playing records and reading zines til three in the morning while everyone else was going to their friend's house and having fun together. and i finally had just gotten overwhelmed by it that night, and that's how she had found me. it took a good fifteen minutes to get through all of it, but when i was done i felt a lot better. she looked very concerned, however. "i can understand where you're coming from," she said when i was done. "i feel like that a lot too." then she hugged me again. "now what?" i asked, chuckling sarcastically. "how do i follow that up?" she shrugged. "no real need to," she commented. "let's go back up front."



so we went back up and watched the rest of the show. they played a few more songs, but i don't remember what they were. it was kinda hard to believe that it was the last endpoint show. i mean, everyone said that they were just taking time off for a while, but it didn't seem like any regrouping would ever be possible. and everyone knew that it was the end of an era. of course, they were good, but it could have been better, and when it ended, it almost didn't seem real. that they were going to walk off the stage they'd shared as endpoint that night and never regroup again. too anticlimactic somehow. but that's how life is--you can only live a moment once, and you're stuck with it, even if it didn't come out the way you want it to.

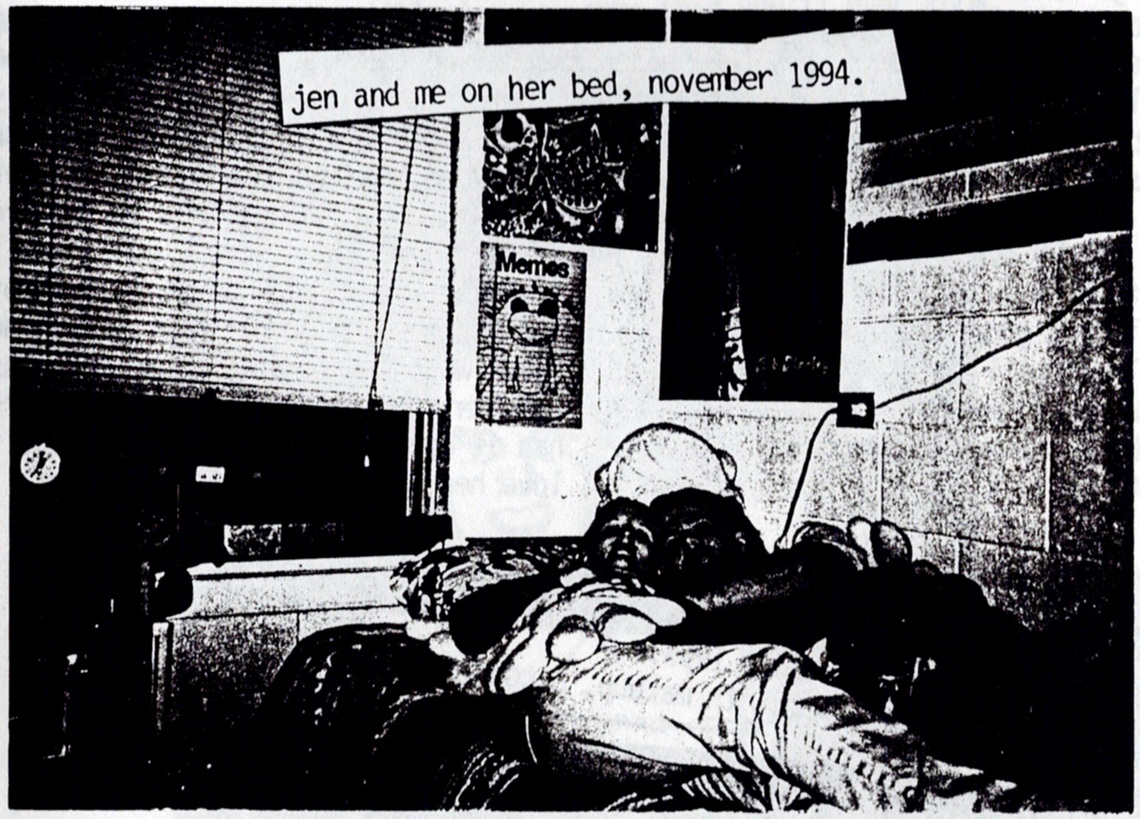
of course, the end of endpoint wasn't the only reason to remember that night, and somehow i knew that even then. it seemed pretty odd, to have been approached and comforted by a stranger, but i was happy with it. she seemed like a nice person, and i needed to know more nice people. however, i didn't know just how much would eventually come of it.

this is a picture of jen and matt. it was taken by me on jen's camera in december of 1994. at that time, jen was my girlfriend and matt was my best friend. a lot has changed since then though. last week (tuesday, jan. 30, 1996) they were driving from matt's parents house to my apartment. on the way here, they were in an accident. matt is still alive. jen's not.

i first met her in september of 1994. we started going out almost immediately. our relationship was great while it lasted. we spent a lot of time together, did everything we could for each other, and hardly ever fought. but on new year's day, 1995, we broke up. it was entirely her decision, and she didn't really explain it at that time. she said that in time it would all become clear. she always believed that time would solve problems a lot better than any actual effort. that's something we always disagreed about. what followed from this was the most tumultuous friendship i've ever lived through. the first month was the most painful--sometimes we fought horribly, other times we had the most intense friendship. but always i was trying to get her to go back out with me. it was in those months after we broke up that i realized that she was the first person i'd ever truly fallen in love with. i'd thought i'd been in love before, but it's true what they say-- you may think you are in love, but once you experience it for real, you'll never mistake it again. she was my first love. the problem was that she hadn't truly been in love with me. of course, we hung out a lot in those months, but there was always tension between us. i wanted her to pay attention to me, to take care of me, the way she had when we had been together. the problem was that she was going on with her life, and leaving me behind. however, she was still willing to give me some emotional support--certainly not enough to be seen as desire for anything more than friendship, but enough to keep my hopes alive. however, i was starting to get desperate, and my feelings finally grew unmanageable right after spring break of that year. the entire time i was home for spring break, bored out of my mind, i could think of nothing else but her. when we got back to school, i finally made my last, desperate attempt at getting her back. at that point, she told me that she had finally figured out what it was that had bothered her enough about me that she had broken off our relationship in the first place. what it boiled down to was that she just didn't like being with someone who spent as much time depressed as i did. i always took that kind of hard, like she just didn't care enough. looking back, i think i might have been a little hard on her, but things have changed. i've learned a lot since she died, just by thinking. but i'm getting ahead of myself. a couple of weeks after this conversation, around the time of her birthday (april 11--she'd have been 20 this year), she started dating this other guy i knew, who seemed to me to be quite a bit less mature than me. less mature than her too, but i couldn't bring myself to tell her that. it was too mean. and like it or not, i still loved her a lot. however, watching her get more involved into the relationship with the other guy did a great deal to help me get over her. for one thing, i started to notice something that was

me and tink in our dorm room, sept. 1994
photo by jen

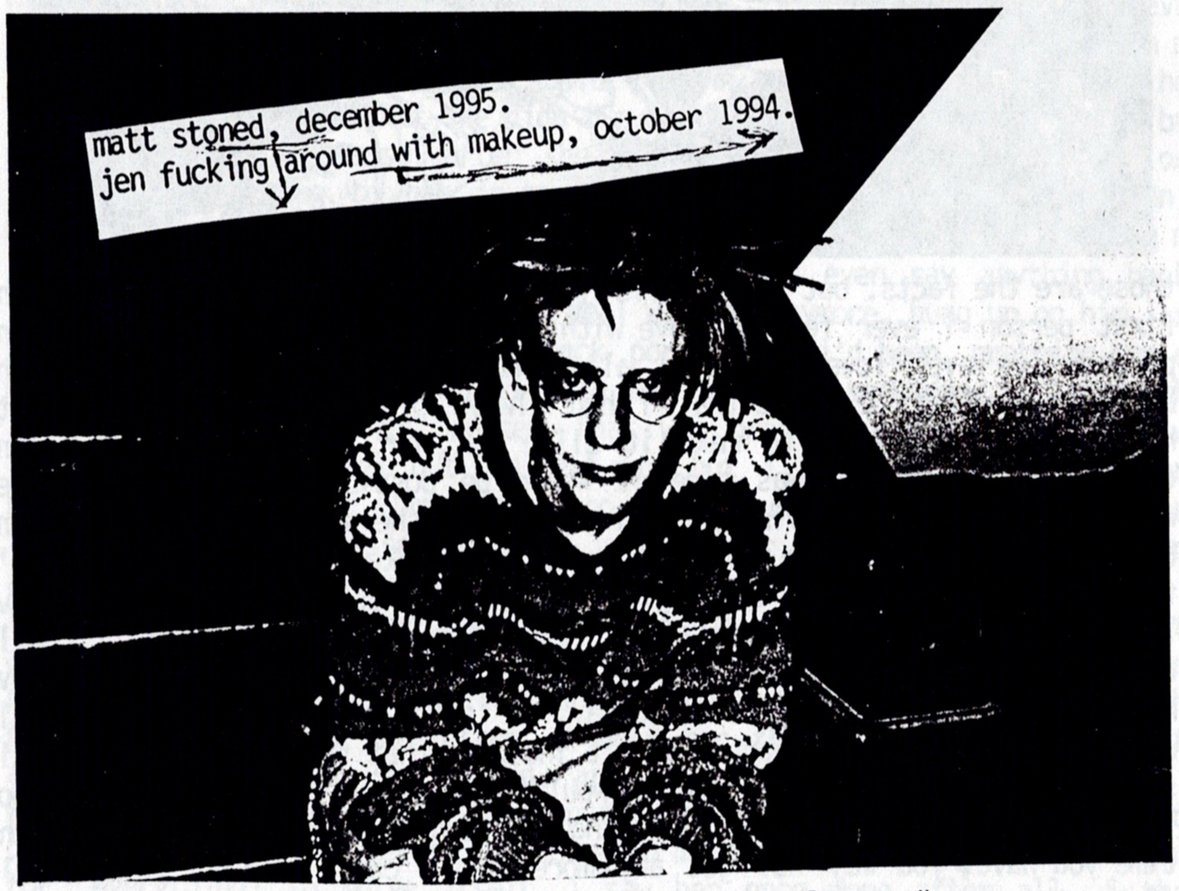
true of both her current relationship and of the one we'd had, which i hadn't noticed while we were going out. that was that when she started spending time with her new boyfriend, she pretty much quit hanging out with anybody else. of course, that bothered me a lot. however, i never succeeded in doing anything but pissing her off when i brought it up. also, i began to notice that her personality was seeming to change in order to conform more to his. this showed me that a lot of the things that i had thought we had in common were less common ground that we shared and more just her way of conforming to my personality. this was another big aid in helping me get over her. towards the last month or so of our friendship, we were living in the same apartment, but i almost never saw her. she was spending all of her time with her new boyfriend, and due to my situations with my other friends (and come to think of it, i guess the fact that i was very withdrawn from the rest of my friends at that time was somewhat related to our relationship and the way i'd spent all of my time with her), i had no one else to talk to about stuff that bothered me. therefore, on rare occasions when i did see her, i often pulled her aside to ask her for advice. of course, this pissed her new boyfriend off (a jealous type, i guess), and when she left to go on vacation with her mom in july, he started hanging out at our apartment. he would sleep in her room and hang out with me and the rest of my roommates during the day. i didn't like him too much ever, but especially not since he was going out with her, i guess for obvious reasons. of course, i never expected him to threaten me either, but he ended up leaving a letter on my record player, stating that he would kick my ass if i didn't leave her alone. in it, he said that she didn't even like to be around me anymore, but was too nice to tell me so. after she came back the next day, i called out to his house trying to get in touch with her. he insisted that she didn't want to talk to me, and proceeded to go completely ballistic, threatening me and insulting me so frenetically that i couldn't even say anything back. finally, i got too pissed off to deal with it anymore, hung up on him, and went back into the house from the back porch where i'd been. grabbing one of my roommates' crowbar, i headed into her room and proceeded to smash the living shit out of her dresser. that was pretty much the last time we talked, for we both moved out the next day, but i did tell her after me and her asshole boyfriend almost got into a fight and the dust had settled that i would pay for the dresser. about a month later, i had occasion to be back at the college she attended, and i had dropped out of, and i wrote her a letter that i left on her door. what it said was that i wasn't going to attempt to make contact with her again, but it left her my address and phone number. i had asked her how much money she wanted for the dresser and she had never told me. in the letter, i told her that she could call or write and tell me how much she wanted, and i would get it to her, but that i wouldn't be giving her any money until she told me how much she wanted. of course, she never did get in contact with me again. something about waiting for everything to solve itself. i saw her once more after all of that happened. the night before she died, she and matt came down here to move some of matt's stuff in. see, he was going to move into our house for a month, then move to louisiana. when i saw her come in, i freaked. i didn't know how to react. half of me wanted to tell her i was sorry about everything and try to make up with her. but that was the hard way, and as usual with me, i took the easy way out--pretend she wasn't there. and i thought that maybe i'd send her a birthday card when she turned 20 in a few months. and the next day, on the way to move matt in, she died.



jen and me on her bed, november 1994.

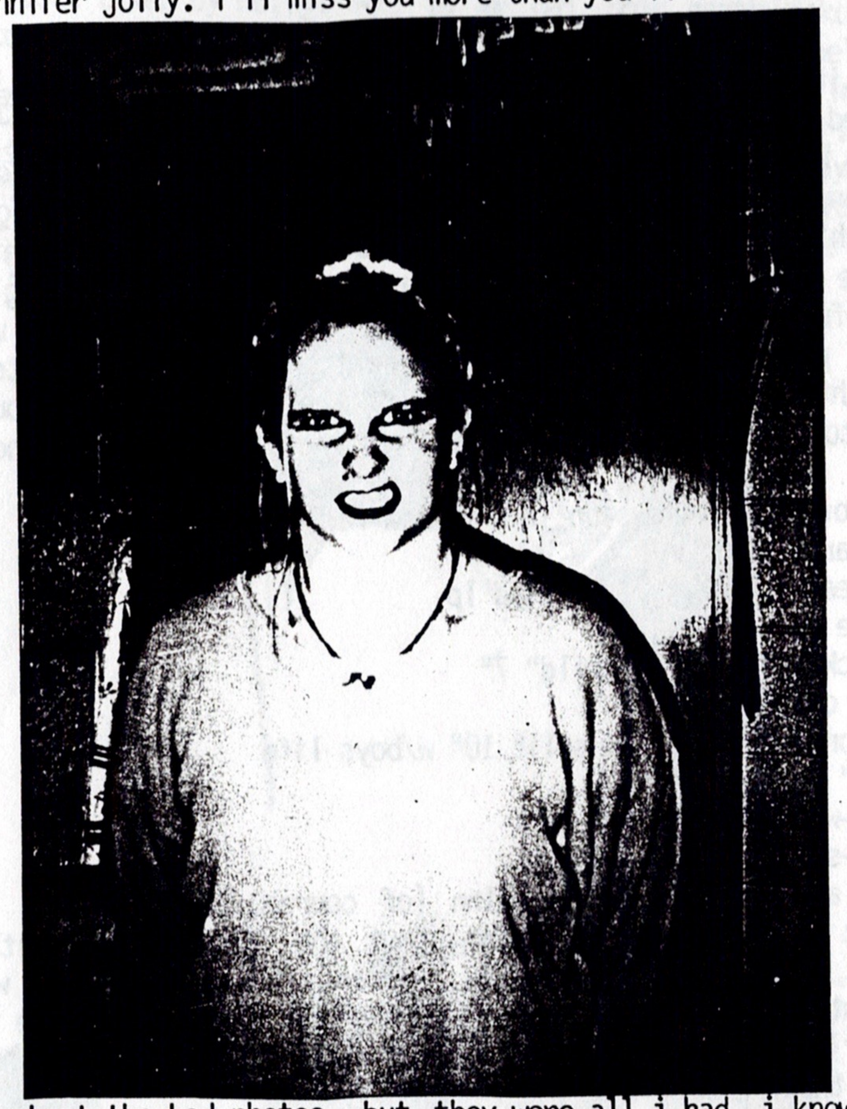
those are the facts. but that tells you so little of the story. jen was the first person i ever fell in love with, and her death means that only one person i've ever loved is still alive. not only is that hard to deal with, but even harder is the fact that i had always planned to make it all up to her. somehow, i wanted to make it all right, but i wanted to wait a long enough time to where i was sure it would be possible to make up with her without too much bad feelings. i had heard that she and that other boyfriend broke up, almost a year to the day after she broke up with me, but i hadn't felt relief--in fact, i'd kinda gloated to myself about it. "hah, now i have love and she doesn't." almost like revenge. but for what? when i really consider that now, i wish i hadn't been so hard on her. i really did love her, if not in an enduring romantic way, at least in an enduring friendship way. the sad thing is that i didn't indicate that through my actions until she was dead, and i doubt that i would've changed if she had lived. how lame. i guess it's just another thing she taught me--take advantage of the time you have, you may not get any more. and i can't help but think of all of the things we talked about for the future, and the beliefs she held, and the ideas she had, all of which don't mean shit now because she never got a chance to get out of college or stop being a teenager, let alone get a real job, or get married, or get out from under her mom's thumb. she was so nice,

but she had a lot more potential than was ever realized in her. and all of the stuff i taught her--like how to write an expository paper, or how to use email, of whatever else she may have learned from our relationship (the importance of communication--i remember her saying she'd learned that from our relationship)--is all wasted now because she didn't get to use those things as much as she could have. and i'm not mad about the effort i put into the time we had together, i'm mad that she didn't get to stay here. she deserved so much more than a sudden swerve and the flash of chrome off the grille of a truck, then quietus. she could have made something truly beautiful from what she had to work with, but she was afraid to try. i think if she could have stuck around, she would have learned, but she didn't get to. and fuck whatever cosmic game of chance took my friend from me before she could ever hear from me that i still was her friend. she's gone now. i want her back. but it's true what they say--you don't know what you've got till it's gone. and now she's gone. i loved her more than she ever knew, and i always will in some part of my mind. she was the first person that was ever important to me that died. i guess after making it through 20 years without losing anyone i cared about, i had it coming to me. but fuck that. i want her back, just so i can say that i love her, and i'm sorry. so sorry.



"sit and tell me your story awhile, before you move along..."
"go on go on, head right down that headlight's stare..."
"the seasons are changing and it's such a long walk home. much too long to live alone...."

goodbye, jennifer jolly. i'll miss you more than you'll ever know.



p.s.--sorry about the bad photos, but they were all i had. i know she'd kill me for running them. i wish she was here to do so....

conclusion.

well, here it is. 1996. another year. i've learned a lot this year. things i never wanted to know. things i always wanted to know. i don't really know how to sum it up. i guess, to repeat something that's done to death, carpe diem. listen to robin williams--"sieze the day." it might be your last. something i never really thought about before. on a lighter note, i think i've found a lasting relationship, which is something i'm happy about. hopefully it won't blow up in my face now... this zine was inspired by a lot of people, people who i should mention, but i'll get to that in a minute. right now, i think i'll just list a few things you should be listening to, cuz i can't let a zine go by without one of those top ten thingys.

ordination of aaron-immersion in a 90 mph world lp
cap'n jazz-anything
sunny day real estate- self-titled lp
texas is the reason 7"
copper-"freckle/tuesday's child" 7"
bleed-bully complex lp
christie front drive lp and split 10" w/boys life
amber inn 7" on ebullition
inquisition-we've got a bomb 7"
miles davis-sketches of spain lp

ok, thanks and inspiration: bebhinn (of course...), tink and andy (it's thursday, it must be time to fight about the dishes again!--it's a joke, fuck face!), tammy, kate, ben, bill, brendan, chris, matt (get well soon), and last but definitely not least, jennifer. in fact, this issue is for her, cuz i never showed her i really cared while she was here, and they say better late than never....

people that did shit: i wrote everything except for two and six (the horizontal part) by bebhinn (pronounce the "bh" like a "v"...i knew you could), and eight by chris gullible. photos, from the beginning: cover found in an alley last july, boy photo in three and girl photo in five are cory and holly, both taken by holly, who is my pal from north dakota. railroad track photo in five by r.j. coffey, who is punk as fuck. makebelieve photos by melissa (geoff makebelive's girlfriend), brian in drag drinking suntan lotion photo in nine by roxanne, who is still going out with brian after all these years. graffiti photos by me. funky polaroid found in maymont park by jen and i in april 1995. stoned matt photo by me, other uncredited photos in ten by liz godfrey, who was jen's best friend. photo this page of me with air pistol by bill.

i guess that's all, kids--goodbye. this thing is 50 cents in person, $1 in the mail. issue #1 is also a dollar--but not in print right now. bug me and i'll repress it. for info on other back issues, my new all-music zine, or just to talk, write to me: andrew necci, po box 4909, richmond va 23220.

"we are born of dust, only to return." --still life

LOMBARD

SCHOOL DAYS 1955-1956